

When Riley Transformed Himself Into Blanchard

When Mr. and Mrs. Horace Riley had been married a little over a year Mrs. Riley confessed that she believed she had made a mistake in marrying him.

"What's the matter?" Riley asked. "Don't you love me any more?" "Oh, yes," she replied. "I like you just as much as ever I did, but I think it was wrong to marry you. I don't think I ought to have married a second time. I don't think anybody ought to. I think second marriages are sinful."

Riley said "Rot!" unsympathetically. Presently he added: "What put that idea into your head?"

Mrs. Riley tapped the first page of the magazine article that she had been reading. "This," she said, "is the whole article. I will just give you a synopsis of it. It says, in effect, that any woman who marries a second time makes a mistake, the only thing that can possibly excuse her for doing so being a marked resemblance between the first and second husbands in looks, manners, habits, speech and thought. Professor Jointsberry is the author. He is a friend of our family. On a number of occasions he has given us excellent advice, and when he says that second marriages are not advisable I am quite sure that he knows what he is talking about. I am doubly convinced that he is right, because up to the time I met you I felt just that way myself. Indeed, the truth is, I should never have married you if you had not looked so much like poor Mr. Blanchard."

"Oh, you wouldn't?" said Riley, really interested at last. "You never told me anything like that before."

"No, I know I never did. I was afraid I would hurt your feelings. But it is so. You are wonderfully like Wilbur. The first time I saw you I turned quite faint. The resemblance seemed really supernatural. It seemed for a minute as if Wilbur had been resurrected before his time and had come back to haunt me."

"I am beginning," said Riley dryly, "to entertain a decided admiration for Mr. Blanchard."

"Well, you ought to," she returned coolly, "considering how well pleased you are with yourself. You are just his height and your hair and complexion are for all the world like his. Then your mustache grows heavier on the left side, just as his did, and you've even got that same cute little way of squinting up your right eye every little while. You've got a scar on your left wrist, too, the same as he had, and you have his provoking habit of saying, 'Oh, I don't know about that,' whenever anybody says anything you don't happen to like."

"In that case your conscience ought to be clear," Riley said. "Since the lamented Mr. Blanchard and myself seem to be twin peas you haven't anything to worry about."

"Oh, yes, I have," she returned tearfully. "You are a great deal like Wilbur, but you are not enough like him. Please don't be angry Horace, and do not ridicule. I have thought over this matter seriously ever since I read this article 10 days ago, and I have come to the conclusion that the only way I can reconcile myself to the situation is for you to cultivate more of Mr. Blanchard's mannerisms, so I won't be able to tell, without stopping to think about it, whether you are yourself or Wilbur."

"It strikes me," Billy groaned, "that I've got peculiarities enough of my own, without adopting a batch of new ones. Still, if that is your only chance for happiness, and you really do seem to be in dead earnest about this thing, I suppose I ought not to balk at acquiring a few of Mr. Blanchard's pet tricks."

Mrs. Riley dried her eyes. "You are very good," she said. "As soon as I get time I will make out a list of certain little habits Mr. Blanchard had which I would make me most happy to see you adopt. The only thing I can think of now are his passion for black pepper—he wanted everything made fairly black with it—his fondness for lavender socks and his funny way of crooking his index finger every few minutes when he got interested in talking."

"Oh, see here," Riley protested. "You don't expect me to make such an idiot of myself as all that, do you?" Mr. Blanchard did," Mrs. Riley murmured pensively.

"Then Riley shall," her husband returned heroically. Two months after he began to consume expensive quantities of pepper, to sport lavender socks, to twiddle his index finger and to perform various feats indicative of the eccentricity of his predecessor. Riley began to stay out late at night. For several weeks Mrs. Riley bore the nocturnal desertion uncomplainingly, but when Riley came in one morning about 2 o'clock with torn raiment and disheveled hair, she put aside her patient demeanor and turned relentless inquisitor.

"Where have you been?" she asked. "Downtown," said Riley. "What for? Not on business, surely. You couldn't have been out on a business errand at this time."

"No," he replied coolly, "it was not business."

"You were at the club, perhaps?"

"No, I was not at the club."

"Then, in the name of heaven where were you?"

"I don't think you have any right to question me in this way," said Riley stiffly. "I refuse to tell you where I have been."

"Oh, you cruel, cruel man," cried Mrs. Riley. "You will break my heart; you will, in deed. What in the world has come over you? You never used to treat me so."

"No, I didn't," he admitted. "That was because I was Riley then. Now I am Blanchard. I am following along his lines. I've got to make the incarnation complete. It is a psychological impossibility to imitate him in one thing and not imitate him all the way through. That is what I am doing now. I can't help myself. Since I've started, it must be Blanchard all over or nothing."

"But he never treated me this way," she protested. "He was the kindest, gentlest, loveliest man alive."

Riley sat down on the edge of the sofa and clasped his hands about his knees.

"Now, see here," he said, "you can tell, can't you, that I haven't been drinking?"

"No," she replied, "I don't think you have."

"Then you may take it for granted that I am talking straight. What I am going to say may hurt, but I've got to say it. It will shatter an idol. I hate to do that, but it is necessary in order that you may understand that the pace I am going now and the still swifter pace at which I shall go hereafter are inevitable. Margaret, that first husband of yours was a regular d-e-v-il. He used to go on the most tremendous tears imaginable. He began just as I have begun—by staying out late at night and coming home in all sorts of conditions, and finally he wound up by staying away from home for weeks at a time without letting a soul know where he was."

"I never knew him to do such a thing," sobbed Mrs. Riley.

"That was because you hadn't known him long enough. Remember you were married only a year. By strong self-restraint he managed to hold himself in check for that length of time, but I have it on good authority—no less a man than Professor Jointsberry, by the way—that he was preparing to go on a gigantic bender when the end came. In one way it is a good thing for you that he died when he did. I am afraid you have seen the last of your happy moments with Blanchard. Likewise, I am afraid you have seen about the last of them with me. I don't want to grieve you, but I can't help it. Professor Jointsberry himself says I can't. To suit you I have undertaken to make myself over into a second Blanchard, and I've got to take his faults along with his virtues. There is no such thing as lavender socks and a pepper diet without Mr. Blanchard's desipation. The combination is inseparable. I don't enjoy this sort of thing myself, but if it will ease your conscience for me to wreck my constitution and my character, why, of course, I am willing to make the sacrifice."

Riley drew off one shoe and threw it under the sofa, the other he fired recklessly in the direction of the looking glass. His wife stared at him in consternation.

"That is the strangest thing I ever heard of," she said.

"It is queer," Riley assented. Truly, the wonders of psychology are beyond the ken of ordinary minds."

At breakfast next morning Mrs. Riley limited her conversation to just three remarks. She said: "Good morning," "good-bye" and "I am going down to see Professor Jointsberry today."

That evening, as had been her custom for several weeks, the maid served Riley with a preliminary meat course that very nearly set her sneezing on the way from the kitchen. Riley heaved himself generously.

"I don't believe," said Mrs. Riley, "that you have learned to like pepper yet, have you, Horace?"

"Not particularly, but I can get away with it nowadays without blistering myself incurably. You needn't worry about me."

Mrs. Riley looked at the maid sternly.

"Janet," she said, "take that stuff away and bring Mr. Riley a clean plate."

Presently she added: "I stopped at the store on my way home from Professor Jointsberry's and bought you two dozen pairs of black socks. I carried them home myself so you can have a pair in the morning."

"Thank you," said Riley, discreetly. —Houston Post.

Young Folks Department

LITERATURE

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Manuscripts of short stories, poems, essays and etc., (to be written on one side of paper only) will be gladly received for this department.

Power of Sunshine

By Omar W. Russell.

Sunshine over the world warms the heart of nature. In winter the rays penetrate where cold is king and warms up the frozen world. In spring time the sun in the zenith of its power vitalizes mother earth and causes her to bloom and to blossom. In summer the warm rays shine over growing things and they bring forth fruits. In autumn when the foliage is in its scar and yellow leaf, we gather in the harvests of the year, and still the sun shines in radiance upon us.

Throughout the year, throughout all life, we need the power of sun-

shine to brighten the pathways that we tread.

The Brook.

Murmuring brook! Flowing through field and barrow; Thy waters speak of joy and naught of sorrow.

The same today, as on the morrow. Flow on gentle brook— Winding through every corner and nook; On thy placid waters I love to look; For sweet thoughts you bring to me As you flow in ecstasy.

Dandelion.

Dainty flowers of gold, Scattered here and there; Thy blossoms to me unfold Tales of a watchful care.

You stand so steadfast and true,

Never faltering at thy task; What better pattern than you, Could any of us ask?

For in our life we sway, From our footing, it may be fate; But you are found every day, Standing up so straight.

Among the weeds and grasses, Thy blossoms ever show; Sending out upon the world, Thy color, a golden glow.

The Acres. Across broad acres extended; Colors of the fields blended; When the day is nearly ended.

Colors of the fields rare; Far, far, beyond compare; O'er hills and vales everywhere.

True and Tried Recipes

Fancy Work and Cooking for the Season

Banana Souffle.

Peel five bananas, mash up pulp with a little milk, add one tablespoonful of flavoring. Put into a basin one heaping tablespoonful of butter and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Beat till creamy, then stir in yolks of three eggs well beaten. Add banana puree, and whites of eggs stiffly beaten. Pour in souffle, bake in a moderate oven thirty minutes.

Banana Tartlett.

Rub four tablespoonfuls of butter into four tablespoonfuls of flour, add one tablespoonful sugar, make into stiff paste with yolk of one egg and a little water. Knead a little, roll out, put it on a flat buttered dish, bake in a hot oven for thirty minutes. When cold, pour over a thickness of bananas, made by cooking six sliced bananas for five minutes in a little water to which has been added one tablespoonful of vanilla extract, and

sugar to taste. Decorate with cherries.

Banana Blanc Mange.

Boil one quart of milk, add three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Mix in a dish two tablespoonfuls of corn starch, with half a cupful of milk, stir into the boiling milk, cook until it thickens, stirring all the time, add yolks of two eggs, half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Allow to cool. Peel three bananas, cut them into thin slices, mix with above and pour into wet molds. When firm, turn out on a glass dish and serve with a cold fruit sauce.

Banana Custard.

Cook three ounces of rice and two ounces of sugar in one pint of milk till soft, then add one tablespoonful of butter. Let it cool, spread it on a glass dish, and cover with thin sliced bananas. Sprinkle with sugar, add flavoring, if desired, and pour some thick custard over all.

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This beautiful Table Cover Design is for Cross Stitch Embroidery. Size 36x36 inches. This style of embroidery

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9911.

A Dainty Lingerie Model. Ladies' Princess Slip (with or without Flounce). What is prettier than a garment of this style developed in soft nainsook or lawn, and trimmed with insertion and lace, or with embroidery, or better still, to decorate with hand embroidery in some simple easily worked pattern. This model is not difficult to develop, and may be made of long cloth, crepe, silk or batiste as well as other lingerie fabrics. The shoulder straps may be replaced by ribbon. The flounce may be omitted. The pattern is cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material for the 36-inch size, without flounce. Flounce requires 1½ yards. The skirt portion and flounce measure 1½ yard at the lower edge.

9909.

Child's Rompers with Long or Shorter Sleeve. Brown galatea with brown and white striped gingham, are here combined. The model is also good for chambray, denim, linen, cambric, linene or percale. The sleeves may be in wrist length, finished with a hand cuff, or in bell shape, short to the elbow. The model is made with waist front and body portion in one, while at the back the body or trousers portions, joins at the waist. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. It requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material for a four-year size.

9926.

A Practical "Easy to Make" Design. Ladies' Apron. Gingham, percale, cambric, drill, lawn, galatea or alpaca are all suitable for this style of garment. The front is cut high over the bust, meeting strap ends that cross over and form part of the back. This apron is a comfortable model, cool and affording sufficient protection for the dress worn beneath it. The pattern is cut in three sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 4½ yards of 27-inch material for a Medium size.

9927.

A Simple, Neat Little Frock—Girl's One-Piece Dress, with Straight or Shaped Edge at the Closing, and with or without Girdle. Such a pretty dress was developed from this design in blue and white dotted tub silk. It is equally effective in gingham, percale, galatea, challie, lawn, dimity, voile, or crepe. Feather-stitching or insertion would form a pretty trimming on this model. The model has inverted fulness at the underarm seams, and the sleeve and neck finish is pleasing though simple. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. It requires 2½ yards of 36 or 40-inch material for a 6-year size.

9933-9929.

A Splendid Three-Piece Costume. This attractive creation is composed of Ladies' Bolero Waist No. 9933, and Ladies' Skirt No. 9929. For the waist dotted net, dimity, crepe, or silk would be nice with voile, crepe, linen, lawn or taffeta, for the bolero and skirt. A chemisette of tucked batiste or net may be added. Blue linen embroidered in self color would make a smart outing suit, with the waist of sheer batiste, embroidered with blue dots. The skirt is draped in deep folds over the back, and may be finished with or without the flounced tunic. The waist sleeves are pretty either in wrist or elbow length. The bolero may be omitted. The Waist Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure, and the skirt in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 6 yards of 40-inch material for skirt and bolero, with 3½ yards of 27-inch material for the waist for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 1½ yards at the lower edge.

This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps for each pattern.

9934.

A Most Attractive Though Simple Style Ladies' House Dress with Long or Shorter Sleeve. Checked gingham in black and white, with facings of white are here combined. The design is made with a panel on the skirt front and back, and the right waist front is crossed over the left at the closing. The neck is collarless, but finished with a shaped facing. The sleeves are desirable in either wrist or shorter length. This model may serve as a working dress, and is equally desirable for porch or afternoon wear. It will develop well in lawn, chambray, seersucker, ratine, linen, percale, voile, poplin, or tub silk. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 yards of 36-inch material for a Medium size. The skirt measures 1½ yards at the foot, in a Medium size.

9932.

Dress for Girls and Young Misses (with Vest and Short or Long Sleeves, and with or without Chemisette). This design may readily be developed in any of the materials now popular. It will be pretty in blue voile or crepe with trimming of embroidered bands, and equally effective in white linen with embroidery in self colors in some simple design. The skirt has plaited fulness over the hips, and is finished at the back with a deep lengthwise tuck. The waist fronts open over a vest, that is gathered slightly at the neck edge, and is outlined by a revers collar cut round over the back. The waist and skirt are joined and finished to close at the center front. The sleeve is attractive in either length. The patterns are cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 4½ yards of 44-inch material for a 14-year size. The skirt measure 1½ yards at the lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps. Address all orders to Pattern Department of this paper.



9923.

Girl's Dress with Body and Sleeve Combined. White linen embroidered in blue, was used for this design. It is easy to develop, and cool and comfortable for warm weather. The design would look well in tan colored gingham piped with red, or in red or blue chambray piped with white. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. It requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material for a 4-year size.

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